

of the "White Doe of Rylstone" which Yorkshire boys & girls might learn ^{by heart} with great advantage, not only because it contains wonderful word-pictures of this part of ~~Yorkshire~~ Wharfedale, & because the story is that of an important event in the history of Yorkshire; but because both the thoughts & the language of the poem are so beautiful, that when the lines run through your brain at unexpected moments, you are filled with sudden pleasure, as at the sound of most sweet music, or the sight of a great picture.

This is how the poem closes: -

" And right across the verdant sod
Toward the very house of God,
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene & slow,
Soft & silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!

White she is as a city of gold,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven.

And here an eye serenely bright,
And on she moves, with pure new light!

Her spars to stop her head, & start
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown,
And in this way she fares, till at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietude she lays her down;

Gently as a weary wave
Links, when the summer breezes have died

Against an anchor'd vessel's side,
Even so, without distress, doth she

Lie down in peace & slumber." Widdoworth

The Boy of Bermondsey.

A Legend of the Founding of Bolton Abbey

Half a mile above the Abbey, in a space of some
three hundred yards the Wharfe cuts its way
through a ravine. The walls, flumbeled, moss-
grown boulders, rise sheer from the river, vast
& clean, ~~curiously~~ straight & tall, reach up into
the light from the river's brink. The banks are
not thickly wooded here but every square yard has a
rich carpet of bracken, harts tongue, & hyacinths. Starry
sketchwork, under blue clouds of fog; meadows; patches of
red campion & yellow pimpernel ^{all in a valley of rich shading} ~~not in a valley of rich shading~~
of velvet moss.

The rocks draw together, shutting in the river,
great masses of the oddest shapes, rounded by the
wear of the waters when "Wharfed" is in flood. Here in
the channel, as nicely carved stalls in the piers—

or are they the couches of the river nymphs? - and
coffin-like shapes with a comb black fringe
that an undertaker might envy; & 'pet' holes round
round. Sometimes there is four feet deep.

Cloves around the rocks, & the river flows between, deep
& still; but a line of light foam in mid-stream
tells of present trouble. By-and-by, however is
the opening that a man may leap across, a fearful
leap, for the waters are deep below, but among trees
it, & the great hooks on a neighbouring tree show
at what risk. "This striding place is called 'The Strid'!"

"What is good for a bootless bene?"

With their dark words begin my tale;
And their meaning is "There can comfort spring,
When prayer is for a avail."

"What is good for a bootless bene?"

The plover to the lady said;
And she made answer, "Endless sorrow!"
For she knew that her son was dead.

- Young Rosinelly through Barden Wood
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash
To let clip upon buck or doe.

And the pair have reached that fearful chaasm,
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding place is called "The Strid,"
A name such it looks of yore;
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall, a thousand more.

No spray in flee, for what feared he
That the river was strong, the rocks were steep,
But the greyhound in the leash held back,
And checks

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across "the Strid"?

He sprang in glee, - for what cared he
That the river was strong, & the rocks were steep!
- But the greyhound in the leash hung back
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force;
And never more was young Romilly seen,
Till he rose a lifeless corpse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long unspeaking sorrow:
And Wharf shall be to pitying hearts,
A name more sad than Garrow.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That look'd not for relief!
But slowly did her succour come
And a patience to her grief.

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let her be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately priory!"

The stately priory was rear'd
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice.
Nor fail'd at evening.

Underneath.

Just above the Strid is a cataract, a slight fall of
some six or eight feet. When the whole of Wharfe come,
tumbling through a narrow opening - an endless spray
of amber beads. Below the fall, what a hurrying and

and churning, what a heaving & settling! Now,
you see now, I am that the rocky basins are
filled with 'working' yeast, while blown acids
into corners here & there, are heaps of froth. Above
this tumult, the river flows deep & still in a
narrow channel which it has carved out of
the ~~granite~~ ^{granite} rock. Presently, the ravine
opens out, ~~the river, the~~ a shining blue path, stretches
away into the heart of the woods.

The Shepherd Lord.

Up the valley we follow the river into forest-
depths, & behold, on a brow in the heart of the wood,
a ruined tower grey & broken down amidst
the soft spring verdure, like an old man
amidst the children. Beyond and above stretches
~~the unobstructed hills~~ - the long lines of the barren fells.
This is Barden Tower, where the gentle Shepherd
Lord of Shipston dwelt by choice, though it was
but a poor place compared with the great castles
which he owned elsewhere.

Perhaps it was because he had not been used
to any state that he liked this tower hidden in the
woods. For although he was the heir to great
castles, he had spent his life early days as a
shepherd-boy; his father came, as ^{cotters} ~~cotters~~ ^{cotters} ~~cotters~~
home again, & dwelt under a shepherd's lowly
roof.

Why, you say. For safety; the first twenty years
of his life were spent in hiding. So then, in
the search made after him that his own mother
did not dare to bring the child up as the son
of a gentleman. The only way to save his life was
to bring him up as a peasant's boy of father's ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{his}

On Carvack's side, a shepherd boy?
^{his mother kept him, but thought that poor}
 Can this be the little fellow?

In a wet, like a smothered flame?

O'er whose each hand-ford tears we shed

For shelter, & a poor man's bread!

God loves the child, & God hath will 'if

That those dear words should be fulfill'd,

The lady's words when forced away,

The last she to her babe did say,

(My son, my own, my fellow-sold -

I may not be; but rest thee, rest

For lowly shepherd's life is best -!)

And as a shepherd boy ~~growing to~~ ^{growing} ~~the~~ ^{Yorkshire} ~~moors~~,
 he grew up until he was fourteen; then a
 rumour reached the Court that a son of the
 Black-faced Clifford ~~lived~~ ^{was} in hiding upon the
 Yorkshire moors. When this report reached his
 mother, she had her boy brought to the village
 of Threlkeld in Cumberland, for she had
 married Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, and, though
 he was a Yorkist, -

"Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat

To noble Clifford; from annoy

Concealed the persecuted boy.

Well pleased in quiet part to feed

His flock, sip on shepherd's need

Among this multitude of hills,

Crag, woodland, waterfall, & mill."

"Our Clifford was a happy youth,

And wandered through a weedy fern

That brought him up to manhood's prime.

Again he wanders forth at will,

And tends a flock from hill to hill:

His joy it was humble; never was seen

Such part with such a noble order;

Among the shepherd poems no man
 Hath he, a child of strength & state;
 Yet back, not friends for solemn plea,
 And a cheerful company,
 That learned of him submissive ways,
 And comforted his private days.
 To his side the gallant deer
 Came, & rested without fear;
 The eagle, lord of land & sea,
 Stoop'd down to pay him fealty;
 And both the 'undying' fish that swim
 Through Bowditch Lake did wait on him?

At last, after four & twenty years of pleasant life,
 a change of ^{to the} ~~the~~ ^{shepherd} ~~shepherd~~ ^{life} ~~life~~
 brought, the Yorkists were finally crushed; & Henry
 of the house of Lancaster, ascended the throne,
 as Henry VII. Soon after he married Elizabeth,
 the daughter of Edward IV, of the House of York,
 So that, in the King & Queen,

"Both roses flourish, Red & White
 In love & sisterly delight
 The tents that were at Shipton are blotted
 And all old troubles now are ended."

And now, Henry married & families were
 declared to their possessions, amongst
 others the Cliffords, was loyal & hearty
 supporter of the house of Lancaster. From his
 retreat amongst the ^{at the foot of} ~~the~~ ^{Yorkshire} ~~Yorkshire~~ ^{hills} ~~hills~~
 Shepherd had emerged to become the tenth
 Lord of the Honors of Shipton. His mother lived
 to see his joyful restoration & to be present
 at the great "Feast of Brougham Castle", the story
 of which is now told in the "Song" from which
 we have made so many extracts. And there
 were great feasts, not only in Brougham Castle

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but in all the stately castles of the Clifford's scattered
over the northern counties.

But the lonely shepherd, now become a great noble, was
in no haste to forget the past:

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been wood & rills,

Now did he change nor ever forget the wisdom he had
learnt in adversity, & would, his kindly soul,

"Gild over the vale, & every cottage hearth,
The shepherd's God was honoured more & more.

And, age after he was laid in earth,

'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

Horsburgh.

With half a dozen great castles to choose from
his favourite dwelling place was the solitary tower
of Barden. This may have been because the monks
of Bolton Abbey were within easy reach, & they
were friends near to his mind than the
baronial barons who were now his peers. For
while a shepherd upon the lonely hills, his
delight had been to watch the stars, & he had
obtained much knowledge of astronomy; & he had
besides, strange notions as to the influence
the stars had upon the souls of men. Therefore the
company of men who cared for such studies
was more pleasant to him than that of the
warlike lords, ~~who were now his peers~~.

But the good Lord Henry did not neglect the
duties of his station. His steward, the
Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, ^{himself} a most
wise, valiant & noble lady, ~~was~~ described him
as a plain man, who lived for the most
part a country life, & was seldom either to
court or to war, excepting when called to Parliament.